

Ghosts & Garden Chairs

Look.

There are stories here
you don't see.

Women
who have buried their faces against the grain
of a chair like this.

Knuckled women
weeping women
women
who have prayed for an answer-
seeking solace through shades of purple bruises.

I remember.

Auntie used to sit in a chair like this.
Teakwood
worn smooth through splintered paint.

I remember

hearing me approach
she placed her glass of strong drink
under the seat

as if I couldn't smell it
as if I couldn't see it
as if I couldn't intuit

I could imagine the story that sent her to that chair.

I still see her
sipping slowly
starring pass the orange groves and hanging moss
intent on the sound of the coming train.

I was a girl with a vast imagination
and if the look in her eye meant anything
so was she.